

THE  
LITERARY EXAMINER.

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THE INDICATOR.

No. LXXX.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,  
And takes survey with busie, curious eye,  
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

ON THE SUBURBS OF GENOA AND THE COUNTRY ABOUT LONDON.

DEAR N,—I could bear my large study no longer ; so I have mounted into my third story, and entrenched myself, as usual, in a little corner room. It is about the size of the study in——, where we all adjourned on the morning of Twelfth Night, to take breakfast. Do you remember that night? how we sung “To ladies’ eyes a round, boys;” and how the eyes were as sparkling and triumphant at six o’clock in the morning, as they were at six in the evening? “*Can I forget it?*” say you: “*Can any body forget it?*” I think not. The very walls must remember it. A living poet, whom we were near killing with laughter at two in the morning, has doubtless written his best things upon eyes since the appearance of that ocular constellation. I am sure a living novelist would have made his heroines equal to the rest of his characters, and done himself a world of good into the bargain, had he not had that extra-judicious hackney-coach call for him at one. Be assured, that pleasant spirits have haunted that house ever since. I know (without the maid servants informing me) that a noise of chrystal ringings, and sweet voices is heard every Twelfth Night through the rooms; and that the gallant occupier and his wife cannot sleep for the life of them, for exquisite imaginations.

But you must know I have another reason for mounting into this nest of mine, in addition to those I have given to B. It lifts me above a sense of the lanes and stone walls of this suburb of Genoa. Albaro is a pretty name, and a very pretty looking hill at a distance. It has also some fine retreats and gardens, for those who can afford them. But for a place to walk about in, and enjoy one’s neighbours’ goods (to which you know I have a propensity) it only shows me how very pretty some hills as well as women can look at a distance, and what stony-hearted creatures they turn out upon inspection. When you behold Albaro from the sea, you cry out, “What a delicious place to live in!” Imagine a gentle green hill, full of olive trees, vineyards, and country seats, beheld from a blue sea, glittering under a blue sky, and with the Appennines at the back of it. Enter it, and the charm is dissolved. Eternal lanes, with eternal stone walls, intersect it in all directions.

The best are paved like the carriage part of the London streets, with a stripe of smoother walk in the middle, made of tiles laid edgeways. The worst are compounded of bits of broken walls, stones, and occasional pushings forth of the native rock. Some are merely the beds of torrents: but all are lanes, lanes, lanes,—all stone, brick, and mortar, with seldom even a hole to look through. Your only resource, as in the worst passages of human life, is to imagine what may be on the other side; but then the tantalization is in proportion. In the summer, the vines look over the walls, here and there, and afford a relief: but the lanes for the most part are then hot and close, and in those that lead down to the sea the footing is still a nuisance. Furthermore, the sea has no beach. In winter (which is quite severe enough in this quarter of Italy to make you feel it) the promenade is intolerable. Sometimes a wind comes down from the snowy mountains, sharp set as a wolf, and more searching than any East wind with us. Besides, Genoa being situate between the sea and the mountains, is famous for wind; and Albaro, I suppose, is the most famous place for wind about Genoa. Last winter one would have thought the whole army of tempests had come by sea to pass over the mountains, and go and trample down some incorrigible tyranny. The whole cavalcade seemed to sweep over us with their “sightless horses,” their whistling hair, and mad outcries.

It is little better, for the most part, in the rest of the suburbs: in some of them, not so good. There is one good road, which circles the hill; and on the other side of Genoa, there is a wider piece of plain to get footing upon. But generally speaking, your path lies up and down hill, through the stoniest of all stony allies. Even the road which I speak of, round Albaro, and which would make a beautiful figure in a picture, presenting depths of olive grounds below, and the sea in the distance, tantalizes you with the sight of pleasant places in which it is impossible to enter, and which, if you did enter, it would be impossible to walk in. The olive grounds are all walled in, as usual, and all raised upon terraces of artificial earth, lest the torrents should wash them away. But what care the Genoese? Nature, with them, is but a slave in the hands of the slave merchant. All her beauties consist in what they will fetch. Their olive trees produce nothing but quattrini and minestra; their bunches of grapes are but so many purses of soldi. They care for nothing but care itself, and a good oleaginous dinner to make it worse.

Now tell it not in Scotland, lest the Cocknies of the Canongate rejoice; but give me, dear N., before all the barren suburbs in the world (bits of mountain included) the green pastures and gentle eminences round about glorious London. *There* we have fields:—there one can walk on real positive turf: there one can get trees that are of no use, and get under trees, and get among trees; and have hedges, stiles, field-paths, sheep and oxen, and other pastoral amenities:

Sometime walking, not unseen,  
By hedge-row elms on hillocks green;  
While the plowman, near at hand,  
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

How pleasant it is to read one of our poets in a foreign country! I pass from page to page, as I used from meadow to meadow, not omitting to enjoy the *style* by the way.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
While the landscape round it measures;  
Russet lawns and fallows grey,

Observe the colouring!

Where the nibbling flocks do stray;

Mark the nicety!

Mountains——

Mountains! what does he mean by that?

Mountains on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest.

Genoa pitched in the vale of Thames! He must have seen Genoa by a sort of unnatural second sight. I beg you to look upon this as an impertinent vision, foreign to the subject, or only brought in to shew the beauty of the rest by the force of contrast.

Meadows trim, with daisies pied,

There he comes home again.

Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:  
Towers and battlements it sees,  
Bosomed high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes:  
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes  
From betwixt two aged oaks.

Complete justice is never done to a fine passage in a poet, if you do not know the one that preceded it: just as a new key in a musician demands a comparison with that of the previous air. How admirably contrasted, and yet with the properest and mellowest gradation, is the richness and elevation of this passage about the tufted trees and the high-born beauty in their turrets, with the “two aged oaks” and the peasant’s habitation that smokes between them!—Alas, there are no such oaks here, and no such tufted trees!—Do you remember our *pic-nics* on the grass in the Hampstead fields? Do you remember our books, our lounges, our trios, our crowns of field flowers for heads “not our own?” Do you recollect that strange Centaur of a squire, who came riding in his meadows with a monster of a footman behind him, and could not help being delighted at seeing our dinner trespassing on his premises?

I fancy you discern to what all this leads,—the sketch that I promised you a long while back, of pleasant memories connected with the country about London; similar to those which I have touched upon in a former *Indicator* connected with the inside of it. You are right. I could not delay it longer, if I would.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!  
Ah, fields beloved in vain!  
Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
A stranger yet to pain!  
I feel the gales that from ye blow  
A momentary bliss bestow,  
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
And, redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.



And yet the fields are not "beloved in vain:" neither was my childhood a stranger to suffering. My life has had strong lights and shades upon it from its commencement; but upon the whole I am grateful; and the pleasures I have enjoyed make me love even the memory of some of the pains.

A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sour.

How could Gray say that his fields were "beloved in vain," when the sight of them, in pain and melancholy, could still please him in this manner; and when he cultivated flowers in his college window to the last? Nature is never beloved in vain. Shakspeare, after running the whole round of humanity, went to live and to die among his native fields. Rousseau's botany never forsook him. The oaks are firm friends; and we can love the most blooming of roses in our old age.

In taking my circuit round London, I will begin with the East, in order that I may end with the North. It is the least pleasant side, yet two out of our four greatest names in poetry are connected with it,—Spenser and Milton. I have already noticed that Spenser was born in East Smithfield. Bunhill Fields has the most unromantic of sounds, and yet there Milton not only lived, but seems to have delighted to live. It is probably the "noble suburban spot," of which he speaks in his Latin poems, and contained the elm trees of which he was so fond. I do not remember whether I have mentioned before, that Steele amused himself with a laboratory at Poplar. You may gather from some of the works of De Foe, who was a hosier in Cornhill, that he was a great walker about the neighbourhood of the river. An unaccustomed eye, suddenly emerging from the narrow streets upon Tower-hill, is met by a crowd of grand and tragical recollections,—by murdered patriots and heroes, infants, lovers, and kings. There breathed out the souls of the Raleighs and Sydneys. There Hutchinson prepared himself to die in patient endurance; and Guilford Dudley and Jane Grey went one after the other to the public axe, instead of the retirement that suited their innocence. The death of another Jane, whom Lady Jane perhaps would not have despised, though others might, is said to have given its name to Shoreditch. Jane Shore, the life of the voluptuous retirements of Edward IV. and the friend of all who wanted assistance, was seen there in her old age, wrinkled, and gathering water-cresses. What a difference from the picture of her, in which she is described as having risen "out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle cast under one arm over her shoulder, and sitting in a chair, on which her naked arm did lie!" This portrait, by the way, argues a taste, and an eye for colouring, which one should hardly have looked for in the paintings of those times. It was perhaps the work of an Italian. But I shall never get out of town. Of Hackney and all that region, famous for giving a name to Hackney coaches, I know nothing more illustrious than what is said of it in a quaint periodical work, which I have met with somewhere;—namely, that

— Homerton and Clapton do declare,  
The many country seats that there are there.

They tell me, however (is this true?) that I am to like a place a little more to the north, the name of which I shall not allow myself to be sure of till I hear further advices. Let it be as good a name as you

can; for I shall "like it most horribly." I remember now that I used to go that way to bathe. Besides, you have C. L. The great men of the court of Elizabeth must have resided much about the neighbourhood of Stoke Newington and Highbury, for every old mansion thereabout is dignified with the title of one of her palaces. At Stoke Newington lived the late Dr. Aikin, who was a clever man, and did good; though he should not have said, that Spenser's *Epithalamium* "wants only judicious curtailment to make it a very pleasing piece." I would as lief have had the bride curtailed, had I been the hero of it. Dr. Aikin's sister, Mrs. Barbauld, still renders the place interesting by her residence. Here lived Dr. Watts, whose logical head did not hinder his little frail person from being hypochondriacal, and whose hypochondria unfortunately drove him into Calvinism instead of the bowling-green. But I believe he extricated himself at last. There wants a good account of the last years of men who get rid of their superstitions, as well as of those who are said to have been overcome by them.

To return to the river's side, and cross the water. At Greenwich, famous for its green woods and white sails,—for its old weather-beaten pensioners, who sit eyeing the placid stream,—and for lasses who kiss their mother earth all the way down hill in fair time, and their cousin John at the bottom of it,—Queen Elizabeth held her court; such a court, as princes and courtiers can seldom contrive to muster up. Flattery there had a sort of right; and accordingly the old Queen was a "nymph" to the last, scorching up the Hattons and Raleighs with the retrospective beauties of seventy. Furthermore, she walked abroad among them with a wrinkled face, black teeth, little sparkling grey eyes, a hand and arm so white that it transported even Dutch young gentlemen, and a new gown for every day in the year. How she contrived to maintain her charms, while dancing and playing on the lute, in order to convince a Scotch ambassador of her juvenility, who was to look through a crevice, none but a Scotchman can say; and accordingly I leave it to Sir Walter. If he discovers something to venerate in the fumbling of King James, he will surely not be at a loss in the tumbling of old Elizabeth. At Redriff (vainly spelt Rotherhithe) some story-book hero cuts a figure; but I cannot remember his name. Down the Kent-road, Chaucer's pilgrims took their way to Canterbury, telling stories that have outlasted St. Thomas's shrine, and will outlast a thousand others. I think I see him now, looking downwards; the Wife of Bath grinning; the Friars and Summoners in all their varieties of hypocrisy and impudence; the Squire dancing on his horse, conscious of the Prioress; the experienced Knight, his father; the busy Serjeant at Law, who seemed still "busier than he was;" the reckless Sailor; the unhealthy Cook; the lean meek scholar, upon his lean horse; the lean cholerick Steward, upon his plump one; the bull of a Miller; &c. &c. and Harry Baillie, the host, venting his admiration of a pathetic story in a volley of oaths. Kent-street derives a minor lustre from Goldsmith's *Madam Blaze*. Newington Butts, as its name denotes, was famous for archery. With the suburb fields, that now contain prisons and bedlams, the great poets and wits of Shakespeare's time must have been conversant, owing to the neighbourhood of the theatre in the Borough. Their Club at the Mermaid in Cornhill was as convenient a spot as they could well chuse between the theatre on one hand, and the court and



country seats of Elizabeth on the two sides of the water on the other. Camberwell was lately remarkable for the proud villa of a Quaker physician. Clapham looks unnatural, with its bankers' houses on a bit of wild common. Armstrong in his poem upon preserving health recommends Dulwich as "yet unspoiled by art." I believe it still retains its character, though more houses have come, and the gypsies gone away. It touches upon Norwood. Here is Dulwich college, founded by one of Shakspeare's fellow-players, Allen,—a name which seems to belong to people of worth. I know one myself. The original of Fielding's Allworthy was another: and the first countenance I remember at school was an Allen's,—so good and handsome, that an old stall-woman against whom he happened to run in the street, and to turn round upon in the course of her abuse, exclaimed, "Confound your great, ugly, driving — — sweet face, God bless it!" Poor Allen! he died aboard ship, a surgeon, vainly forewarned by Roderick Random. What had his blushing maiden face to do in a gang-way? And yet what would the hard places of the world become, if such faces never shone on them! —To Dulwich college Sir Francis Bourgeois bequeathed his collection of pictures, which it is a holiday to go and see. Between Dulwich and Beckenham is a pretty, rustic, out-of-the way spot, called Penge, which an acquaintance of yours thinks the charmingest place in the world. Her first child was born at Beckenham. The white spire of Beckenham church, issuing out of the trees, is a truly English and sylvan spectacle. I think Johnson was in the habit of visiting somebody at Beckenham. In the church is Gray's epitaph on Mrs. Clarke, "Lo! where the silent marble weeps." Sydenham, another pretty village with a green, has long been the residence of Mr. Campbell. Lewisham was immortalised by Queen Elizabeth in a strain of alliterative abuse, which not being a queen, I want the face to repeat. Returning westward, we come to Thrale and Johnson at Streatham. There Mrs. Thrale encouraged his bile with good dinners, and soothed it with gay curtains; and there, it seems, he had two desks on each side a window, upon which he used to write his *Lives of the Poets*,—a "mechanical operation of the spirit" somewhat too prophetic of the point of criticism at which he would stop short. But admiration ever be paid to the hero of Boswell, and reverence to the good Samaritan who took up the female in the street, and put her to bed while other people were chattering! At Merton, a pretty place with a pretty appellation (so at least it seemed to me, when I spent my holidays there) lived the illustrious little withered lion, Nelson. But it once contained a personage much more interesting in my eyes; to wit, an aunt of mine; a true West Indian of the best sort, somewhat wilful, very idle and generous, and a lady to the heart of her. If the mention of these two personages together looks like an anticlimax, take the following out of a master of the "*bon goût*," which I think beats it hollow. It is Chaulien addressing the Countess of Stafford:—

Vous n'aurez jamais besoin  
De Muse qui vous anime,  
Ni qu' Apollon prenne soin  
De vous montrer le sublime ;  
Car vous trouverez chez vous  
*Dans un Oncle fort aimable,*  
Un maître plus que capable  
De vous former au bon goût.

But what has this impertinent Frenchman to do with one's young days and one's natural affections? Talking of Queen Elizabeth and her Nymphs, I remember writing an elegy on the death of this kinswoman, in which I called her a "nymph" also, though she was between fifty and sixty. Why did she not live to be called a damsel? There was such an elegance about her in my eye, that I never thought her wrinkled face old. And where are you, dear cousin F. that in the pride of your tuckers and dressed locks you are not still calling me "petit garçon," and throwing down peaches from the trees to my adoring eyes? What had trouble to do with your warm strip of West-Indianism, that it did not dance and flutter all its life in perpetual youth? She had the cruelty to give me a little chrystal heart, as if it signified nothing to the "petit garçon;" and I wore it next my own at school, with an infinite mixture of pride and pensiveness. Few things are better than these fancies, or even the recollections of them; and those that are, partake of the same character. Let me try as I may, I feel I have nothing greater, much less happier in me, than I had when a boy; nor can I do any thing better than draw out, as it were, what was in me then. Business has only made me uneasy to others, and remorseful to myself. My tasks take another direction. I am formed by nature to suffer and imagine alone, or in company with some friend; and in public to do nothing but impart a sense of the joys which love and patience reward me with.

But what have the peach trees done with me, that I stand here in a dream, when I have to make half the circuit of London? Yet I must not forget the little river Wandle, which runs by Merton, and in which I once saw a vision bright and ideal as any in a picture. It was nothing, too, but a girl with long flaxen hair and blue eyes, washing some linen with naked feet among the pebbles. Her hair was flaxenest of the flaxen; her eyes blue as sapphire;—it was August; and the

---Cærule stream, rambling in pebble-stone,  
Crept under moss as green as any gourd.

What she must have thought of me in my school petticoats, I know not; but her surprise had the advantage of fixing her in a beautiful posture, and making her open all her blue eyes. I wish Mr. Wordsworth had flourished then, and set "us youth" upon attempting to write naturally. I made "a copy of verses" afterwards upon the Wandle, which might have been a little better for it. When I met with the lines upon it in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the vision came upon me again in all its beauty, only not quite so "plump."

Then Wandal cometh in, the Mole's beloved mate,  
So amiable, so fair, so pure, so delicate,  
So plump, so full, so fresh, her eyes so wondrous clear;  
And first unto her lord at Wandsworth doth appear,  
That in the goodly court of their great sovereign Thames,  
There might no other speech be had amongst the streams  
But only of this nymph, sweet Wandal, what she wore,  
Of her complexion, grace, and how herself she bore.

POLYOLB. Song 17.

At Wimbledon, when a child, I was taken to see Horne Tooke, who patted me on the head, and gave me a very different benediction from the bishop. In a wood near the same place I saw, many years after-



wards, one of the most successful of ministers, who seemed one of the most miserable of men. I have pitied him ever since.

At Putney Gibbon was born, and at Battersea lived Bolingbroke. A pretty infidel neighbourhood! I think I see Bolingbroke and Swift sitting at the open window over the Thames, waiting for Arbuthnot and Gay to come from London, and Pope from Twickenham. Bolingbroke is lounging, with an end of his peruke over his shoulder. Swift is fidgeting with the girdle of his cassock, or cutting his nails to the quick with a penknife. All the banks of the Thames upwards are classic ground. At Richmond, in that lazy undress of a fat body, called Thomson, lived one of the freest, most elegant, and most cordial of poetical spirits, the most *un-Scotch* of Scotchmen. He was seen eating peaches off a tree with his hands in his waistcoat pockets; which is what he ought to have done. Out of his enjoyments have come ours. Garrick must not be passed by at Hampton; nor old Jacob Tonson, at Barn Elms, since Congreve and Vanbrugh used to dine with him;\* nor Horace Walpole, with his toy-shop and his two-penny notions, at Strawberry Hill. He would have been a man, if he had not been a lord. But Twickenham and Pope! What a burst of beauty and wit is there!

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends?

Who knows not her? Ah, those are Wortley's eyes

The sweet tongued Murray near her side attends;

Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;

Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,

With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell.

I see two lovely sisters hand in hand,

The fair-haired Martha, and Teresa brown;

Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land,

And smiling Mary, fair and soft as down.

Yonder I see the cheerful duchess stand

For friendship, zeal, and blithesome humours known:

Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain?

Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.—GAY.

We fancy Pope always reading or writing; at intervals entertaining Bolingbroke, Swift, or Arbuthnot, or all three; or undergoing his pleasing provocations betwixt the humours of

The fair-haired Martha, and Teresa brown.

Further up, at Chertsey, died good-hearted and fine-headed Cowley,—Pope says, of a fever which he caught in consequence of having been drinking too freely, and lying out all night in the fields, with Dean Sprat. The story is in Spence's *Anecdotes*, but was omitted by Johnson, less out of tenderness, I dare say, to the Tory poet, than to the Tory

\* See a pleasant parody by Rowe, on the Dialogue between Horace and Lydia. The speakers are Tonson and Congreve. Tonson says,

I'm in with Captain Vanburgh at the present,

A most sweet-natured gentleman, and pleasant;

He writes your comedies, draws schemes, and models,

And builds dukes' houses upon very odd hills.

Yet he ends with saying, that he would give up even Vanbrugh to be reconciled with Congreve, and would set up a bed for him in his dining-room at Bow-street, if he would come and see him. Jacob cuts a better figure here than when he inserted bad money among his payments to poor Dryden for his *Virgil*.—See the letters at the end of Walter Scott's edition of Dryden.



bishop, whom he was anxious to exalt. Pope added, that "the parish still talked of *the drunken Dean*."

Brentford, as Sir Hugh Evans would have said, "hath strange reputations." It was celebrated in the wars of the King and Parliament. The "two kings" of it are renowned in the Rehearsal. A poet, who lived at Richmond, records it as "a town of mud;"\* and a king, who lived at Kew, chose it for his prospect from the other side of the river. At Hammersmith Richardson had a country box. He used to bring unexpected nosegays from his garden there to his printing-office in the city, in order to tempt his compositors to be early at their work.

Kensington is eminent for the heaviest part of the gossiping history of courts; but there are one or two literary anecdotes connected with it, which I cannot refer to for want of books. There is a poem on the Gardens by Tickell. I believe Kent first displayed his genius in improving them. There was once some inconvenience, perhaps, in walking in them at late hours; but all the rest of the time it was as it should be. Now, for "satyrs and sylvan boys," they have beadles, who take care that you cultivate nature with propriety, and remind you at every turn of the Board of Green Cloth. Who can dine on the grass with beadles looking at them? Eating their veal-pie under favour, and merry by authority?

\* Castle of Indolence, the last stanza.

"Ev'n so, through Brentford town, a town of mud,  
An herd of bristly swine is prick'd along," &c.

Gay records

—— Brentford's tedious town,  
For dirty streets, and white-legg'd chickens known.  
[To be concluded next week.]

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## REVIEW OF BOOKS.

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*Don Juan. Cantos IX. X. XI.*

[Continued.]

In our last Number, we carried our observations upon this forthcoming publication to the close of the tenth Canto, and we are now about to enter on the eleventh, with an increasing perception of the difficulty of our task. In no preceding division is the noble author more himself, and less any body else; and all the variety of his moods, but especially the mood sarcastic, are exhibited with singular versatility and piquancy. The ease and felicity of Lord Byron's transitions from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," are without example; only as it was observed of the "Allegro" of Milton, that it was the mirth of a melancholy man, so it may be asserted of the humour of Lord Byron, that it is uniformly tinged with the hue of his Poco-curantish philosophy. Even when dwelling on the Loves and the Graces,—the pure and genuine breathings of early and unsophisticated attachment,—the noblest and least interested of human impulses, the concealed lancet will dart from the barrel of his quill, and in the midst of all manner of smilingness and complacency, as accurately breathe a given vein as Sir Ashley Cooper himself. In the direct manner of inculcating the sombre conclusion of Solomon, that all is vanity, Lord Byron may be

equalled, but where is he who can so readily and playfully detect the *anguis in herbâ*—the snake in the grass—the serpent beneath the flowers—the universal condition of being—the taint of the earthly in all below the moon? It is however a fearful privilege, being necessarily alarming to fraud and hypocrisy in all its ramifications; and hence the pious horror of bigotted authority, and the solemn farce of the Dugdale appeal—that most finished illustration of jesuitical Equity since the days of Blaise Pascal. Never was common sense more rudely assailed, common honesty more openly trodden down, and the real as distinguished from the avowed object of an asserted law more completely exposed. Happily, in the present instance, it will prove nugatory; and impotent must be the press, and puerile the intellect of the country, if it can long avail in any other. But this is not the object before us; leaving it therefore to the sweeping consequences of universal contempt, we proceed with the more light and entertaining duties of our office.

Canto XI. opens with a brief dissertation on the ideal system of Bishop Berkeley, which, with his usual condensation of thought and expression, the poet identifies with “Universal Egotism”—a happy definition; and with “*All ourselves*,” a biting one. But take the passage:—

When Bishop Berkeley said “there was no matter,”  
 And proved it—’twas no matter what he said:  
 They say his system ’tis in vain to batter,  
 Too subtile for the ariest human head;  
 And yet who can believe it? I would shatter  
 Gladly all matters down to stone or lead,  
 Or adamant, to find the World a spirit,  
 And wear my head, denying that I wear it.  
 What a sublime discovery ’twas to make the  
 Universe universal Egotism,  
 That’s all ideal,—*all ourselves*; I’ll stake the  
 World (be it what you will) that *that’s* no schism.  
 Oh, Doubt!—if thou be’st doubt, for which some take thee,  
 But which I doubt extremely—thou sole prism  
 Of the Truth’s rays, spoil not my draught of spirit!  
 Heaven’s brandy, though our brain can hardly bear it.

With Heaven’s brandy, however, the poet wishes to dispense awhile, having grown rather phthisical of late, and finding his orthodoxy increase with his illness. He supplies indeed a scale of the operation; but it will more advance our task to proceed with the history of Don Juan, who alights from his carriage on Shooter’s Hill, in order to take a view of London. Allowing the chaise to proceed, he walks on behind it, wrapt up in a contemplation of English greatness, and in ecstasies of admiration at English liberty. The passage is so original, especially for the happy use of rhetorical figure, *antithesis*, we must perforce supply it:—

“And here,” he cried, “is Freedom’s chosen station;  
 “Here peals the people’s voice, nor can entomb it  
 “Racks, prisons, inquisitions; resurrection  
 “Awaits it, each new meeting or election.  
 “Here are chaste wives, pure lives; here people pay  
 “But what they please; and if that things be dear,  
 “’Tis only that they love to throw away  
 “Their cash, to show how much they have a-year.  
 “Here laws are all inviolate; none lay



"Traps for the traveller; every highway's clear:  
 "Here——" he was interrupted by a knife,  
 With, "Damn your eyes! your money or your life!"

These "freeborn sounds" proceed from four footpads, who had seen Juan loiter behind the carriage. Our Don did not comprehend their language, but found other matters intelligible enough:—

Juan yet quickly understood their gesture,  
 And being somewhat choleric and sudden,  
 Drew forth a pocket-pistol from his vesture,  
 And fired it into one assailant's pudding—  
 Who fell, as rolls an ox o'er in his pasture,  
 And roared out, as he writhed his native mud in,  
 Unto his nearest follower or henchman,  
 "Oh Jack! I'm floor'd by that ere bloody Frenchman!"

The comrades of the wounded man run away; but Juan's humanity will not allow him to be abandoned on the road; and here we have a touch of mastery of no common kind. It is scarcely possible to convey a more striking combination of corrupt and factitious with genuine nature than the following passage furnishes:—

But ere they could perform this pious duty,  
 The dying man cried, "Hold! I've got my gruel!  
 "Oh! for a glass of *max*!—We've miss'd our booty—  
 "Let me die where I am!" And as the fuel  
 Of life shrunk in his heart, and thick and sooty  
 The drops fell from his death-wound, and he drew ill  
 His breath,—he from his swelling throat untied  
 A kerchief, crying "Give Sal that!"—and died.

This accident renders Juan meditative; and in allusion to the termination of the hero of the road, Lord Byron displays another accomplishment:—

He from the world had cut off a great man,  
 Who in his time had made heroic bustle.  
 Who in a row like Tom could lead the van,  
 Booze in the ken, or at the spellken hustle?  
 Who queer a flat? Who (spite of Bow-street's ban)  
 On the high toby-spice so flash the muzzle?  
 Who on a lark, with black-eyed Sal (his blowing)  
 So prime, so swell, so nutty, and so knowing?  
 But Tom's no more—and so no more of Tom.

We omit the entrance of Juan into town by lamplight, his passage over Westminster-bridge, and by way of Charing Cross, Pall Mall, and St. James's-street, to his hotel in Piccadilly, which are very pleasantly sketched; as also the presentation of his ministerial credentials. Suffice it to say, that his previous adventures and *bonnes fortunes* with the comprehensive Catherine, having been industriously whispered, prepare a certain eclat for him, and he is very well received both at court and by office. The following stanzas, we are fearful, will produce no small consternation among a set of personages whose ideas of their own importance are not always in strict accordance with those of other people:—

Besides the Ministers and underlings,  
 Who must be courteous to the accredited  
 Diplomats of rather wavering kings,  
 Until their royal riddle's fully read,  
 The very clerks,---those somewhat dirty springs  
 Of office, or the House of Office, fed  
 By foul corruption into streams,---even they  
 Were hardly rude enough to earn their pay:

And insolence no doubt is what they are  
 Employed for, since it is their daily labour,  
 In the dear offices of peace or war ;  
 And should you doubt, pray ask of your next neighbour,  
 When for a passport, or some other bar  
 To freedom, he applied (a grief and ā bore)  
 If he found not this spawn of tax-born riches,  
 Like lap-dogs, the least civil sons of b——s.

Juan's reception by the beau monde is highly flattering; and, as usual, his good fortune with the sex is unequivocal:—

Fair virgins blushed upon him; wedded dames  
 Bloomed also in less transitory hues;  
 For both commodities dwell by the Thames,  
 The painting and the painted; youth, ceruse,  
 Against his heart preferred their usual claims,  
 Such as no gentleman can quite refuse;  
 Daughters admired his dress, and pious mothers  
 Enquired his income, and if he had brothers.

The following stanza and note will convey information to *some* of our readers at all events. How little did the young and pretty heiress, to whom Lord Byron is indebted for his special illumination on this subject, foresee that her sage communication would be preserved in a stanza of Don Juan, like a fly in amber! We shudder at the passage in which the poet observes, that he could quote both drapery and wearers. What a feast for the *John Bull*, if given, and their fathers, husbands, brothers, or second cousins should happen to be Whigs!—

The milliners who furnish “drapery Misses” \*  
 Throughout the season, upon speculation  
 Of payment ere the honeymoon's last kisses  
 Have waned into a crescent's coruscation,  
 Thought such an opportunity as this is,  
 Of a rich foreigner's initiation,  
 Not to be overlooked,---and gave such credit,  
 That future bridegrooms swore, and sighed, and paid it.

The *Blues*, on whom, for some reason or other, the noble poet seems always disposed to look *blue*, also crowd round the fashionable stranger:—

The Blues, that tender tribe, who sigh o'er sonnets,  
 And with the pages of the last Review  
 Line the interior of their heads or bonnets,  
 Advanced in all their azure's highest hue:  
 They talked bad French of Spanish, and upon its  
 Late authors asked him for a hint or two;  
 And which was softest, Russian or Castilian?  
 And whether in his travels he saw Ilion?

Juan, who, like most gentlemen of his class, was not immensely profound, is somewhat perplexed by these learned queries, but gets

\* “‘Drapery Misses.’---This term is probably any thing now but a *mystery*. It was however almost so to me when I first returned from the East in 1811---1812. It means a pretty, a highborn, a fashionable young female, well instructed by her friends, and furnished by her milliner with a wardrobe upon credit, to be repaid, when *married*, by the *husband*. The riddle was first read to me by a young and pretty heiress, on my praising the “drapery” of an “*untochered*” but “pretty virginities” (like Mrs. Ann Page) of the *then* day, which has now been some years yesterday:---she assured me that the thing was common in London; and as her own thousands, and blooming looks, and rich simplicity of array, put any suspicion in her own case out of the question, I confess I gave some credit to the allegation. If necessary, authorities might be cited, in which case I could quote both “drapery” and the wearers. Let us hope, however, that it is now obsolete.”



through his difficulties as many a hero of the same school has done before him:—

Juan, who was a little superficial,  
And not in literature a great Drawcansir,  
Examined by this learned and especial  
Jury of matrons, scarce new what to answer:  
His duties warlike, loving, or official,  
His steady application as a dancier,  
Had kept him from the brink of Hippocrene,  
Which now he found was blue instead of green.  
However, he replied at hazard, with  
A modest confidence and calm assurance,  
Which lent his learned lucubrations pith,  
And passed for arguments of good endurance.  
That prodigy, Miss Araminta Smith,  
(Who at sixteen translated "Hercules Furens"  
Into as furious English) with her best look,  
Set down his sayings in her common-place book.

Our captivating Don, however, is acquainted with several languages, which does much for him; only he is no poet, which in the estimation of the ladies is all that is wanted to render him sublime; besides

Lady Fitz-Frisky, and Miss Mævia Mannish,  
Both longed extremely to be sung in Spanish.

Juan is however admitted to all the coteries, and gets some knowledge of the ten thousand living authors; and

Also the eighty "greatest living poets,"  
As every paltry magazine can show *it's*.

The "greatest living poet," Lord Byron observes, is precisely in the situation of the champion of the fist:—

In twice five years "the greatest living poet,"  
Like to the champion in the fisty ring,  
Is called on to support his claim, or show it,  
Although 'tis an imaginary thing.  
Even I,---albeit I'm sure I did not know it,  
Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be king,---  
Was reckoned, a considerable time,  
The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.

The subsequent parallel is still more happy:—

But Juan was my Moscow, and Faliero  
My Leipsic, and my Mont Saint Jean seems Cain:  
"La Belle Alliance" of dunces down at zero,  
Now that the Lion's fall'n, may rise again:  
But I will fall at least as fell my hero;  
Nor reign at all, or as a *monarch* reign;  
Or to some lonely isle of Jailors go,  
With turncoat Southey for my turnkey Lowe.

Whether Lord Byron is performing Napoleon to Southey's Sir Hudson or not, we will not determine; but of this we are sure, that in comparison with himself no assignable successor can at this moment be any thing more than a Louis XVIII. to a Bonaparte. *La Belle Alliance* is no doubt active to make it appear otherwise, and its mercenaries retail their miserable jokes and pointless darts (*sine ictu*) with persevering and lamentable imbecility. These gentry should recollect that the lion was not kicked by asses until on the point of expiring, and that a Canto of Don Juan will at any time lay them prostrate by the score. To be candid, their mode of procedure looks as if they themselves thought so, for they exhibit nothing but a sort of impotent demonstration, like the soldiers of a Chinese fort, mentioned

in Lord Anson's Voyage, who in order to keep up a warlike appearance paraded the ramparts with *wooden guns*. Peace be with them, it is sure to attend their readers, if not the most wakeful of mankind.

We find Canto XI. too fruitful for the limits of our publication: we shall therefore conclude our remarks upon it next week.

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*Memoir of John Aikin, M. D. By Lucy Aikin.*

Dr. Aikin was one of the few authors by profession, who after running a lengthened career, had no occasion to look behind him with uneasiness or regret. Calm in conduct and steady in principle, the sober and even tenor of his moral and literary character, was perfectly correspondent; and what is not always the case, he seemed thoroughly imbued himself with the spirit of his own favourite axiom,—the propriety of submitting every thing to “the decision of reason.” We apprehend, that it is in the rank of the more educated and liberal dissenters that this mental constitution is likely to be formed, and, with certain exceptions, this constant appeal to reason to be more assiduously cultivated, at least we have been generally led to conceive so by the result. Solid and generally scientific attainment, with a diligent culture of the reasoning powers, as opposed to mere philology, and the attainment of an excursive and imaginative spirit, seems to distinguish the thorough bred scholastic dissenter from the mass of the people who are less distinctively educated. This is partly in their favour and partly not. In the critical and investigative departments they usually excel, in the bold, the soaring, and the inventive, seldom; and in lofty flights of imagination still seldomer. In point of fact, they are not often allowed to feed on the literary *pabulum* of this mental tendency until a relish for it is in a great degree superseded; and with the exception of a few of the leading classics, scholastically communicated, instead of coming to the great fathers of poetical inspiration, with a gay, youthful and disengaged frame of mind, they are usually sealed books to them, until preoccupation has shut out their influence for ever. So much as to our grand distinction; and if necessary it would be easy to refer to social and political causes for many more. This however is not our intention; our sole object being to refer to an intellectual species, of which as an individual we think the late Dr. Aikin formed a very favourable example.

The Memoir before us exhibits all the Aikin good sense, with what we are obliged to regard as its frequent concomitant—a something of dryness—too literally a mere memoir to be entertaining; and too destitute of incident to excite curiosity. The life of the professional literary man of the assiduous and laborious class, can scarcely be otherwise; and such was Dr. Aikin. Independent of the history of his productions, we are chiefly interested by his conscientious and honourable maintenance of his public principles, at a time when social comfort and worldly prosperity were both in jeopardy wherever this independence was manifested. In this point of view, the calm and unostentatious life of Dr. Aikin merits the attention of all men, as his services to general literature claim the respect of the scholar and general inquirer in particular. These services, it will be seen by a list of his numerous works inserted in the introduction to these volumes, were chiefly critical and biographical; the first correct and elegant, rather than profound;



the latter of standard value, both for accuracy and acumen, and especially serviceable as books of reference and valuable compilations.

The chief novelty in these volumes consists of the correspondence of this very respectable literary veteran with a variety of contemporaries of learning and reputation, by whom he was generally respected. To these are added a judicious compilation of his critical essays on the English Poets, appended to respective editions of them; and a selection of his miscellaneous papers and essays, contributed to various periodical works, and consequently not always known to be from the pen of Dr. Aikin. The result is a couple of handsome octavo volumes, which will take their place on the general shelf of British Literature, with modest but undisputed respectability.

Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld, who still survives, were the children of the Rev. John Aikin, a dissenting clergyman and schoolmaster, first of Kibworth Harcourt in Leicestershire, and subsequently of Warrington, where he bore a high character for learning, and general ability. Dr. Aikin was brought up to the medical profession, but after a trial or two, which in the principal instance failed, in consequence of the virulence of party spirit, at the commencement of the French revolution. He gradually took up literature as a source of profit, in which pursuit he seems to have enjoyed much more satisfaction and reputation than usually belong to so uncertain a profession. His leading characteristics, which we believe few will be inclined to question, are neatly summed up in the following epitaph:—

In Memory of  
JOHN AIKIN, M.D.  
who was born at Kibworth in Leicestershire  
Jan. 15th, 1747,  
died in this parish  
Dec. 7th, 1822.

A strenuous and consistent assertor  
Of the cause of civil and religious liberty  
and of the free exercise of reason  
in the investigation of truth.  
Of unwearied diligence in all his pursuits,  
he was characterised,  
in his profession,  
by skill, humanity, and disinterestedness;  
in his writings,  
by candour, by moral purity,  
by good sense, and refined taste.  
In the intercourse of society  
he was affable, kind, cheerful, instructive;  
as a husband, a father, and a friend,  
unblemished, revered, and beloved.

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### TABLE TALK.

The following extract is from Heywood's *Hierarchy of Angels*, a work which, with infinite simplicity, details the whole social economy of heaven, and no small portion of that of hell. The following account of "the homage paid by a witch or a magician to Lucifer or the Devil" is supplied with so much precision and official phraseology, it must undoubtedly have been supplied to the author by the court newsman of Pandemonium.

"The manner of this homage (and others) done to the devil, is as followeth:—First, the magician, or witch, is brought before the tribunal of Satan, either by a familiar spirit, or else by a mage or hag of the same profession: he sits crowned in a majestic throne, round engirt with other devils, who attend on him as his lords, barons, and princes, richly habited. The palace seemeth wholly to be built of marble, the walls hung with gold and purple-coloured arras; all shewing the pomp of regality and state. Satan himself, from his royal seat, casts his eyes round about, as if ready to incline his benign ears to any humble suitor whatsoever.

"Then steps forth a devil of a venerable aspect, and saith, 'O most potent lord and master, great patron of the spacious universe, in whose hands are all the riches and treasures of the earth, and all the goods and gifts of the world; this man I present before thine imperial throne, to follow thy standard, and to fight under the patronage of thy great name and power; who is ready to acknowledge thee to be God and Creator of all things, and none but thee. It shall be in thy clemency, O most sovereign lord, to vouchsafe this man (or woman) the grace of thy benign aspect, and receive him (or her) into thy patronage and favour.'

"To which he, with a grave countenance and loud oration, thus answereth, 'I cannot but commend this thy friend, who so cordially hath committed himself into our safeguard and trust; whom, as our client and favourite, we accept, and promise to supply him with all felicity and pleasures, both in this present life and the future.' This done, the miserable wretch is commanded to renounce his faith and baptism, the eucharist, and all other holy things, and to confess Lucifer his only lord and governor; which is done with many execrable ceremonies, not fit to be here remembered. Then is the writing delivered (as was before spoken of Theophilus), written with the blood of the left thumb. Then doth the Devil mark him, either in the brow, neck, or shoulder, with the stamp or character of the foot of an hare, a black dog, or toad, or some such figure, by which he brands him (as the custom was of old to mark their slaves and captives, whom they bought in the market for money) to become his perpetual slave and vassal."

The following passage we give upon the same authority; but we cannot participate in the indignation of the author at the extraordinary mode of salutation practised at the court of Tartarus, being satisfied that the locality of the part to be saluted never stands in the way of a practised courtier even in this world; and as to standing on the head, leaping a stick, and all that, Gulliver's account of the court of Lilliput applies to almost every court on the terrestrial globe.

*"The way in which Lucifer is worshipped by his Adherents."*

"As the Devil is always adverse to his Creator, so he will be worshipped with contrary rites and ceremonies. Therefore, when magicians and witches present themselves unto him, they worship him with their faces from and their backs toward him, and sometimes standing upon their heads, with their heels upward; but, which is most beastly and abominable of all, in sign of homage, he presents unto them for salutation the hinder part of his person, as divers magicians have confessed."

Having supplied an account of certain ceremonies belonging to the holy Inquisition last week, we thought a brief account of other diabolical forms might follow with great keeping and propriety.

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